And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prairs on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The